

Love - by Roy Craft

I love you, not only for what your are,
But for what I am when I am with you.
I love you, not only for what you have made of yourself,
but for what you are making of me.
I love you for the part of me that you bring out;
I love you for putting your hand into my heaped-up heart

and passing over all the foolish, weak things that you
can't help dimly seeing there, and drawing out into the light
all the beautiful belongings that no one else had looked
quite far enough to find.
I love you because you are helping me to make of the lumber of my
life
not a tavern, but a temple;
out of the works of my every day
not a reproach, but a song.
I love you because you have done more than any creed
could have done to make me good,
and more than any fate to make me happy.
You have done it....without a touch, without a word,
without a sign, and you have done it
by being yourself.